

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXV.—NO. 17

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 28, 1892.

PRICE, 3 CENTS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Push the Spring Goods.

The good times of '92 are here! good times and a brave outlook for our own great business. In fashioning, making, quality—Wanamaker & Brown Spring Clothing is surpassingly good. Three-fourths of the selling Good Clothing at fair prices lies in the manufacturing. It can't be done by a store that doesn't.

We manufacture on the same great scale as wholesalers; don't sell any of our clothing except to you who put it right on your back; and then have enough to do to sell it as low as we do and make it as good as we do.

We buy much cloth at the cloth-mill's doors. We have it cut by our own cutters, under our eyes. We have it made by our own careful workpeople. Every needless expense of selling is cut off. Our offer of Railroad Excursion Fare on top of all. New Spring Specialties in Ten Dollar Overcoats. New Spring Specialties in Twelve Dollar Overcoats.

Handsome—the fitting and tailoring great. Silk Lined—Fifteen and rising in price. Spring Suits—New features and qualities, \$10. Better—\$12, \$15—the cloth much better. The finest qualities fully represented.

Don't lose sight of it—Our business is direct with the consumer. We cut the cost down by manufacturing. We sell at the lowest prices because we manufacture. It makes a difference of dollars to you.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Sixth and Market, Philadelphia.

For example, we pay Railroad Excursion Fare from Middletown if you purchase \$20.00 worth.

Farmers, Look to Your Interest!

PARVIS & WILLIAMS CO.



Globe Guano, Soluble Bone and Potash, Delaware Soluble Bone.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST FERTILIZERS ON THE MARKET.

Also, Dealers in Fertilizer Materials of all Kinds.

Drilling condition guaranteed on all goods before leaving the factory.

Parvis & Williams Company,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

RICE'S RICE'S
FRESH OYSTERS,
FRESH CONFECTIONARY,
FRESH FRUITS.
Best Brands of Cigars.

NO OLD STOCK ON HAND.

Our Christmas sales took away everything. The New Year finds us with an entirely new stock. Notwithstanding Christmas is over we will have in a few days a full line of toys. We keep them all the year round. Dolls a Specialty.

E. B. RICE, Middletown, Del.

SPRING FOOTWEAR, All the Latest Styles
NOW IN AT PRETTYMAN'S.

Men's Light Weight Calf, Dongola and Mat Kid. Ladies' Light Weights in both Shoes and Oxford Ties. Plow Shoes and Tennis Shoes.

A CASH STORE. E. PRETTYMAN,
Main Street, Middletown.

The Transcript \$1, per year.

Miscellaneous Ads.

\$10.00

\$12.00

\$15.00

Popular Prices for Excellent Qualities.

Latest Styles and Choicest Colorings of Spring Overcoats.

JACOB REED'S

SONS,
918-920-922 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL - \$500,000.00

SURPLUS - \$70,000.00

Security Trust and Safe Deposit Company,

519 MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, DEL.

MONEY INVESTED OR waiting investment can be made to earn you interest. If deposited with this company.

Interest: 2% on deposits of money as follows: 3 per cent on deposits payable on demand; by check, same as banks; 2 1/2 per cent on deposits payable after 30 days; 2 per cent on deposits payable after 60 days; 1 1/2 per cent on deposits payable after 90 days. Special rates for large sums to remain for a year or longer.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES given to the accounts of Ladies, also to those of Executors, Administrators, Trustees, Guardians and Receivers. The Company acts by authority of law as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Receiver and Agent, and executes trusts of every description.

Correspondence solicited and full information furnished concerning any branch of the Company's business. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for pamphlet.

BENJ. NIELDS, JAS. E. CLARKSON, President, Trust Officer.

H. C. ROBINSON, JNO. S. ROSS, Vice President.

DIRECTORS: Jos. H. Chandler, M. D.

J. J. Davis, Supt.

Philip Plunkett, William M. Field,

James H. Hart, Charles E. Fritz,

Henry F. Dure, Archibald A. Capelle,

Wm. P. Bancroft, Wm. B. Brinkley,

Wm. J. McClary, Samuel G. Shinn, may be

consulted.

We have located as our agent Miss Mary Allen, of Crawford Street, Middletown, Del., who will at all times be pleased to show samples of goods and give estimates on cost of Cents and Suits for ladies and children. These estimates are strictly tailored-made and we guarantee a perfect fit. Miss Allen is thoroughly experienced in the art of tailoring.

Call and see if we do not Save you Money.

Remember through Miss Allen you purchase directly from the manufacturer.

No Charge for Fitting.

Respectfully,

EDWIN A. JOHNSON & CO.,

147 N. Twelfth Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Sept 24-3

FOR SHERIFF

—OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY—

GEORGE C. ROTHWELL,

OF BLACKBIRD HUNDRED.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic Party.

FOR SHERIFF

—OF NEW CASTLE CO.—

James Carmichael,

OF WILMINGTON HUNDRED.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic Party.

FOR SHERIFF

—OF NEW CASTLE CO.—

FRED KLENLE,

OF WILMINGTON HUNDRED.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic Party.

WANTED SALESMAN. Salary and expenses from start; permanent place; good chance for advancement; experience unnecessary; outfit free; reliable stock; liberal treatment; control of territory and sub-agents given right party. Apply at once. Brown Brothers Company, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

A SPRING ROMANCE.

THE yellow March sun lay powerfully on the bare Iowa prairie, where the plowed fields were already turning warm and brown, and only here and there in a corner or on the north side of the fence did the sullen drifts remain, and they were so dark and low that they hardly appeared to break the mellow brown of the fields. There passed also an occasional flock of geese, cheerful harbingers of spring, and the prairie-chickens had set up their morning symphony, wide-sounding, wonderful with its prophecy of the new birth of grass and grain and the springing life of all breathing things. The crow passed now and then, uttering his resonant croak, but the crane had not yet sent forth his bugle note.

Lyman Gilman rested on his ax-helve at the wood-pile of farmer Bacon to listen to the music around him. In a vague way he was powerfully moved by it. He heard the hens singing their weird, raucous, monotonous song, and saw them burrowing in the dry chip-dust near him. He saw the young colts and cattle frisking in the sunny space around the straw-stacks, absorbed through his bare arms and uncovered head the heat of the sun, and felt the soft wooing of the air so much that he broke into an unthought exclamation: "Glory! We'll be seeding by Friday, sure."

This short and disappointing soliloquy was, after all, an expression of deep emotion. To the western farmer the very word "seeding" is a poem. And these few words, coming from Lyman Gilman, meant more and expressed more than many a large and ambitious springtime song.

But the glory of all the slumberous landscape, the stately beauty of the sky with its masses of fleecy vapor, were swept away by the sound of a girl's voice humming "Come to the Saviour," while she bustled about the kitchen near by. The windows were open. Ah! what suggestion to these dwellers in a rigorous climate was in the first unselling of the windows! How sweet it was to the pale and weary women after their long imprisonment!

As Lyman sat down on his maple log to hear better, a plump face appeared at the window, and a clear girl-voice said:

"Smell anything, Lyme?"

He sniffed the air. "Cookies, by the great horn spoons!" he yelled, leaping up. "Bring me some, an' see me eat; it'll do ye good."

"Come an' get 'em," laughed the face at the window.

"Oh, it's nicer out here, Merry Ety. What's the rush? Bring me out some, an' set down on this log."

With a nod Marietta disappeared, and soon came out with a plate of cookies in one hand and a cup of milk in the other.

"Poor little man, he's all tired out, ain't he?"

Lyme, taking the cue, collapsed in a heap, and said feebly, "Bread, bread!"

"Won't milk an' cookies do as well?" He brushed off the log and motioned her to sit down beside him, but she hesitated a little and colored a little.

"O Lyme, 'spose somebody should see us?"

"Let 'em. What in thunder do we care? Sit down an' gimme a holt o' them cakes. I'm just about done. I couldn't 'a' stood it another minute."

She sat down beside him with a laugh and a pretty blush. She was in her apron, and the sleeves of her dress were rolled to her elbows, displaying the strong, round arms. Whole some and sweet she looked and smelled, the scent of the cooking round her. Lyman munched a couple of the cookies and gulped a pint of milk before he spoke.

"Whadda we care who sees us sittin' side 'b' side? Ain't we goin' to be married soon?"

"Oh, them cookies in the oven!" she shrieked, leaping up and running to the house, looking back as she reached the kitchen door, however, and smiling with a flushed face. Lyme slapped his knee and roared with laughter at his bold stroke.

"Ho! ho! ha! whoop! did n't I do it slick? Ain't nothin' green in my eye, I guess." In an intense and pleasurable abstraction he finished the cookies and the milk. Then he yelled: "Hey! Merry—Merry Ety!"

"Whadda ye want?" sang the girl from the window, her face still rosy with confusion.

"Come out here and git these things."

plate which Lyme, with a laugh in his sunny blue eyes, extended at the full length of his bare arm. The girl made a snatch at it, but the giant's left hand caught her by the wrist, and away went cup and plate as he drew her to him and kissed her in spite of her struggles.

"My! ain't you strong!" she said half-uneasily and half-admiringly as she shrugged her shoulders. "If you'd use a little more o' that choppin' wood, dad wouldn't 'a' lost s' much money by yeh."

Lyme grew grave. "There's the hog in the fence, Merry; what's yer dad goin' to say—"

"About what?"

"About our gittin' married this spring."

"I guess you'd better find out what I'm a-goin' to say, Lyme Gilman, 'fore you pitch into dad."

"I know what you're a-goin' to say," "No, y' don't."

"Yes, but I do, though."

"Well, ask me and see, if you think you're so smart. Jest as like s' not you'll 'a' it up."

"All right; here goes. Marietta Bacon, ain't you an' Lyme Gilman goin' to be married?"

"No, sir, we ain't," laughed the girl, snatching up the plate and darting away to the house, where she struck up "Wee-wee, Wheat," and went busily on about her cooking. Lyme threw a kiss at her, and fell to work on his log with startling energy.

William Bacon was one of the richest farmers in Cedar county, and held half a dozen farms in Dry Run township. He was a giant in strength even now when his hair was getting grizzled, and his voice, like that of Jephthah, would quell a lion.

Lyman, therefore looked forward to his interview with the "old man" with as much trepidation as he had ever known, though commonly he had little fear of anything.

Marietta was not only the old man's only child but his housekeeper, his wife having long ago succumbed to the ferocious toil of the farm. It was reasonable to suppose, therefore, that he would surrender his claim on the girl reluctantly. Rough as he was, he loved Marietta strongly, and would find it exceedingly hard to get along without her.

Lyman mused on these things as he drove the gleaming ax into the huge maple logs. He was something more than the usual hired man, being a lumberman from the Wisconsin pines, where he had sold out his interest in a camp not three weeks before the day he began work for Bacon. He had a nice "little wad o' money" when he left the camp and started for La Crosse, but he had been robbed in his hotel the first night in the city, and was left nearly penniless. It was a great blow to him, for, as he said, every cent of that money "stood for hard knocks an' poor feed. When I smelt of it I could jest see the cold frosty mornin' and the late nights. I could feel the hot sun on my back like it was when I worked in the harvest-field. By jingo! It kind o' made my toes curl up."

But like the brave fellow that he was he went out to work again, and here he was chopping wood in old man Bacon's wood-yard, thinking busily on the scene which had just passed between him and Marietta.

"By jingo!" he said all at once, stopping short, with the ax on his shoulder. "If I hadn't 'a' been robbed I wouldn't 'a' come here—I never'd met Merry. Thunder and jimson root! Wasn't that a narrow escape?"

And then he laughed so heartily that the girl looked out of the window again to see what in the world he was doing. He had his hat in his hand and was whacking his thigh with it.

"Lyman Gilman, what in the world ails you to-day? It's perfectly ridiculous the way you yell and talk 'y' rself out there on the chips. You beat the hen, I declare if you don't."

Lyme put on his hat and walked up to the window, and, resting his great bare arms on the sill, and his chin on his arms, said:

"Merry, I'm goin' to tackle dad this afternoon. He'll be settin' up the new seeder, and I'm goin' to climb right on the back of his neck. He's jest gut to give me a chance."

Marietta looked sober in sympathy. "Well, P'raps it's best 'a' have it over with, Lyme, but someway I feel kind o' scarey about it."

Lyme stood for a long time looking in at the window, watching the light-footed girl as she set the table in the middle of the sun-lighted kitchen floor. The kettle hissed, the meat sizzled, sending up a delicious odor, a hen stood in the open door and sang a sort of cheery half-human song, while to and fro moved the sweet-faced, lithe, and powerful girl, followed by the smiling eyes at the window.

"Merry, you look purty as a picture. You look just like the wife I be a-huntin' for all these years, sure 's shootin'."

Marietta colored with pleasure. "Does dad pay you to stand an' look at me an' say pretty things 't' the cook?"

"No, he don't. But I'm willin' to do it without pay. I could jest stand here till kingdom come an' look at you—Hello! I hear a wagon. I guess I better bump into that wood-pile."

"I think so too. Dinner's most ready, and pap'll be here soon."

Lyme was driving away furiously at a tough elm log when farmer Bacon drove into the yard with a new seeder in his wagon. Lyme whacked away busily while Marietta called the team, and in a short time Marietta called in long-drawn, musical musical fashion—

"Dinner—er—"

After sozzling their faces at the well the two men went in and sat down at the table. Bacon was not much of a talker at any time, and at meal-time, in seeding, eating was the main business in hand; therefore the meal was a silent one, Marietta and Lyme not caring to talk on general topics. The hour was an anxious one for her and an important one for him.

"Wal, now, Lyme, seedin' 's the 'ux' thing," said Bacon as he shoved back his chair and glared around from under his bushy eyebrows. "We can't do too much this afternoon. That seeder's got to be set up an' a lot o' seed whet cleaned up. You unload the machine while I feed the pigs."

Lyme sat still till the old man was heard outside calling "Poo-ee, poo-ee" to the pigs in the yard, then he smiled at Marietta, but she said:

"He's got on one of his fits, Lyme; I don't b'lieve you'd better tackle him to-day."

"Don't you worry; I'll fix him. Come, now, give me a kiss."

"Why, you great thing! You—"

"I know, but I want you to give me 'em. Just walk right up to me an' give me a smack 't' bind the bargain we've made."

"Ain't made no bargain," laughed the girl. Then feeling the force of his tender tones, "Will you behave, and go right off to your work?"

"Jest like a little man—hope 'e die!"

"Lyme!" roared the old man from the barn.

"Hello!" replied Lyme, grinning joyously and winking at the girl, as much as to say, "This would paralyze the old man if he saw it."

He went out to the shed where Bacon was busy as serene as if he had not a fearful task on hand. He was apprehensive that the father would "gig back" unless rightly approached, and so he waited a good opportunity.

The right opening seemed to present itself along about the middle of the afternoon. Bacon was down on the ground under the machine tightening some burs. This was a good chance for two reasons. In the first place the keen, almost savage, eyes of Bacon were no longer where they could glare on him, and in spite of his cold exterior Lyme had "jest as soon not" have the old man looking at him.

Then, besides, the old farmer had been telling about his "river eighty," which was without a tenant; the man who had taken it, having lost his wife, had grown disheartened and had given it up.

"It's an almighty good chance for a man with a small family. Good house an' barn, good land. A likely young feller with a team an' a woman could do tupton on that eighty. If he wanted more, I'd let him have an eighty 'jinnin'."

"I'd like to try that m'elf," said Lyme, as a feeler. The old fellow said nothing in reply for a moment.

"Ef you had a team an' tools an' a woman I'd jest as leef you'd have it as anybody."

"Sell me your blacks, and I'll pay half down, the balance in the fall. I can pick up some tools, and as for a woman, Merry Ety an' me have talked that over to day. She's ready to—ready to marry me whenever you say, now."

There was an ominous silence under the seeder, as if the man could not believe his ears.

"What 's—that 's that?" he stutered. "Who'd you say? What about Merry Ety?"

"She's agreed to marry me."

"The—you say!" roared the old bear as the truth burst upon him. "So that's what you do when I go off to town and leave you to chop wood. So you're goin' to get married, hey?"

He was now where he could see Lyme, glaring up into his smiling blue eyes. Lyme stood his ground.

"Yes, sir. That's the calculation." "Well, I guess I'll have somethin' to say about that," nodding his head violently.

"I'll come at it soon enough," went on Bacon as he turned up another bur in a very awkward corner. In his nervous excitement the wrench slipped, banging his knuckle.

"Ouch! Thunder-m-m-m!" howled and snarled the wounded man.

"What's the matter? Bark yer knuckle?" queried Lyme, feeling a mighty impulse to laugh. But when he saw the old savage straighten up and glare at him he sobered. Bacon was now in a frightful temper. The veins in his great, bare, weather-beaten neck swelled dangerously.

"Jest let me say right here that I've had enough o' you. You can't live on the same acre with my girl another day."

"What makes ye think I can't?" It was now the young man's turn to draw himself up, and as he faced the old man, his arms folded and each vast hand grasping an elbow, he looked like a statue of red granite, and the hands resembled the paws of a crouching lion; but his eyes smiled.

"I don't think, I know ye won't."

"What's the objection to me?"

"Objection? What's the inducement? My hired man, an' not three shirts to yer back?"

"That's another; I've got four. Say, old man, did you ever work out for a living?"

"That's none o' yer business," growled Bacon, a little taken down. "I've worked, an' scraped, an' got 't'gether a little prop'ty here, an' they ain't no sucker like you goin' to come 'long here, an' live off me, an' spend my prop'ty after I'm dead. You can jest bet high on that."

"Who's goin' to live on ye?"

"You're aimin' to."

"I ain't neither."

"Yes, y' are. You've loafed on me ever since I hired ye."

"That's a—Lyme checked himself for Marietta's sake, and the enraged father went on.

"I hired ye to cut wood, an' you've gone an' fooled my daughter away from me. Now you jest figger up what I owe ye, and git out o' here. Ye can't go too soon 't' suit me."

Bacon was renowned as the "hardest man in Cedar County to handle," and though he was getting old, he was still a terror to his neighbors when roused. He was honest, temperate, and a good neighbor until something carried him off his balance; then he became as cruel as a panther and as savage as a grizzly. All this Lyme knew, but it did not keep his anger down so much as did the thought of Marietta. His silence infuriated Bacon, who yelled hoarsely:

"Git out o' this!"

"Don't be in a rush, o' man—"

With a curse Bacon hurled himself upon Lyme, who threw out one hand and seized his assailant by the collar, stopping him, while he said in a low voice:

"Stay right where you are, o' man. I'm dangerous. It's fer Merry's sake—"

The infuriated father struck at him. Lyme warded off the blow, and with a sudden wrench and twist threw him with frightful force to the ground. Before Bacon could rise, Marietta, who had witnessed the scene, came flying from the house.

"Lyme! Father! What are you doing?"

"I—could n't help it, Merry. It was him 'r me," said Lyme, almost sadly.

"Dad, ain't you got no sense? What're you thinkin' of? You jest stop right now. I won't have it."

He rose while she clung to him. It was the first time he had ever been thrown, and he could not but feel a certain respect for his opponent, but he could not give way.

"Pack up yer duds," he snarled, "an' git off'n my land. I'll have the money for ye when ye come back. I'll give ye jest five minutes to git clear o' here. Merry, you stay here."

The young man saw that it was useless to remain, as it would only excite the old man; and so, with a look of apology, not without humor, at Marietta, he went to the house to get his valise. The girl wept silently while the father raged up and down. His mood frightened her.

"I thought you had more sense than 't' take up with such a dirty beggar."

that he thought of the sunny kitchen and the merry girl, and his throat choked. Good-by to the sweet girl whose smile was so much to him, and to the happy noons and nights her eyes had made for him. He waved his hat at her as he stood in the open gate, and the sun lighted his handsome head into a sort of glory in her eyes. Then he turned and walked rapidly off down the road, not looking back.

The girl, when she could no longer see him, dashed away, and, sobbing violently, entered the house.

There was just a suspicion of light in the east, a mere hint of a glow, when Lyman walked cautiously around the corner of the house and tapped at Marietta's window. She was sleeping soundly and did not hear, for she had been restless during the first part of the night. He tapped again, and the girl woke without knowing what woke her.

Lyman put the blade of his pocket knife under the window and raised it a little, and then placed his lips to the crack, and spoke in a sepulchral tone, half groan, half whisper.

"Merry! Merry Ety!"

The dazed girl sat up in bed and listened, while her heart almost stood still.

"Merry, it's me—Lyme. Come to the window." The girl hesitated, and Lyman spoke again.

"Come, I hain't got much time. This is yer last chance to see me. It's now 'r never."

The girl slipped out of bed and, wrapping herself in a shawl, crept to the window.

"Boost on that window," commanded Lyman. She raised it enough to admit his head, which came just above the sill; then she knelt on the floor by the window.

"Lyme, what in the world do you mean—"

"I mean business," he replied. "I ain't no last year's chicken; I know when the old man sleeps the soundest." He chuckled pleasantly.

"How d'y' fool ole Bore?"

The Transcript

ABRAM VANDEGRIFT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of five cents an inch for the first insertion and twenty-five cents an inch for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to yearly advertisers.

Local notices to be inserted at the rate of one cent a line for the first insertion. Death and Marriage Notices inserted free.

Subscription Price, one dollar per annum in advance. Single copy, three cents.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 25, 1892

Democratic State Convention.

By order of the Democratic Executive Committee of Delaware, a State Convention composed of sixty-two delegates from each county, to be held at the Hotel New Castle, on the 25th day of May, 1892, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States.

On TUESDAY, MAY 17th, 1892.

At 10 o'clock, P. M.

For the purpose of appointing six delegates and six alternates, two of each from each county, to the National Democratic Convention which is to be held at Chicago, on the 2nd day of June, 1892, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States.

And the Democratic Executive Committee of each county is requested to call a meeting of the delegates to be held at the Hotel New Castle, on the 25th day of May, 1892, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States.

Those officers holding the primary election in the several counties and election districts, are requested to prepare two certificates of election of delegates, one to be forwarded to the chairman of the State Central Committee at Dover immediately after the election—the other to be given to the successful delegate or delegates.

W. C. STEVENSON, Chairman.

THE MORNING NEWS, speaking of the proposition to call an extra session of the Legislature for the purpose of re-organizing the Courts of Delaware, writes under present circumstances "even disabled judges are preferred to relief."

This is a foolish idea. If we are to do without courts of justice until a constitutional convention can be called the community will be in a state of anarchy for relief is possible.

The condition of affairs is of course not satisfactory but the exigencies of the situation require prompt action of some kind and no one believes that Chief Justice Conney or Judge Houston would stand in the way of the best interests of the State.

A remedy which will act quickly is what the State needs at present. The constitutional convention method is too slow to answer the purpose. Those who want a convention should strive to secure its calling as quickly as possible, but they should not undertake to hamper the courts in order to frighten the people into voting for it.

THE Delawarean suggests that the State Convention which meets May 17th to elect delegates to Chicago shall not instruct those delegates in the interests of any particular candidate, but rather to leave to them the right to vote for whom they please.

Such a suggestion is the first step in the effort which is being made to secure the election to the national convention of delegates who are opposed to the nomination of Mr. Cleveland.

There never was a time when the Democratic party in Delaware needed more the help of a strong national ticket than the present. Strange to say Senator Hill has some admirers in this State, and it is their object to prevent the instruction of the delegates so that should Hill show any considerable strength at the start our delegates might go to his support without assuming the responsibility of neglecting the instructions given.

THE Delawarean states that not a single Cleveland delegate was elected to the New York State Convention, and the statement is true in every particular, but at the same time misleading. That delegate election was carried on without regard to decency or honesty and had a Cleveland delegate been elected he would have been unceremoniously shut out. This however has nothing to do with Delaware. What Delawareans want is a free and untrammelled expression of the will of the people. They do not want any "Snap Convention" and at least eight out of ten of them do not want to send a delegation to Chicago instructed to vote for Grover Cleveland, the man who made issues upon which the Democratic party can win and make a winning fight, the man who has the courage to say and to stand by what he believes to be right, the man who has done more than any other to afford to our people a bright prospect of relief from a system of taxation which has been especially burdensome to them.

In Grover Cleveland is found none of that shifiting and dodging which is so characteristic of some other public men. With a weak-kneed candidate, afraid to express an opinion, hiding behind all kinds of excuses for Democratic policy we are doomed to defeat. What the party needs most is a candidate who is fearless and honest. Those qualities predominate in the character of Grover Cleveland, and he can and will carry the State of Delaware this fall.

THE Daily Republican seems to be very much exercised concerning the actions of the Middletown Board of Trade and the Middletown Improvement Company. Among the active members of both of these organizations are a number of Democrats who believe in tariff reform, and against them the Republican is waging a war which the editor fondly imagines will turn some Democrat from his allegiance to the cause. The statements made by the Republican are not at all argumentative and prove nothing; they cannot be substantiated.

The real facts are that our people organized a Board of Trade because they needed some organized body which would be competent to speak authoritatively for the whole. They recognized the fact that "in union

there is strength" and acted accordingly.

Out of the necessities of the Board of Trade sprang the Middletown Improvement Company. These two bodies are engaged in a laudable effort to bring to the town certain manufacturing establishments which will employ quite a number of operatives.

These operatives will of course consume more or less of the necessities of life which our merchants will sell to them. By an increase in population an increase in business is assured.

With the establishment of these industries the tariff had nothing to do, and the reason therefore is very simple, viz: these establishments do not come here from a foreign country but from other towns and cities within the United States and distant from this point not two hundred miles; therefore they were not affected by the tariff as much before they came as they now are.

Had they come from England or France or Germany there might have been some slight reason to suppose they came here to take advantage of the tariff; that is, the fact that this government taxes one class of her people for the benefit of another might, under different circumstances, have caused these factories to locate here.

The Republican is decidedly weak in its arguments and delusive in its statements. Last week the statement was made that we had a stocking factory in Middletown; this week it has changed to a shirt factory and the editor does not yet know which it is. Last week he stated that the Middletown farmer was protected against "the 70 cent wheat of India" by the McKinley law, when as a matter of fact the farmer is by that same law, left to shift for himself in a position which the enforcement of that law renders even less tenable than before.

The Republican will of course admit, as do all sensible people that the price of our grain is fixed at Liverpool, the great central grain market and point of distribution for the whole world. Such being the case, India wheat, if it can be produced at less cost than our wheat and freighted to Liverpool will sell for a price per bushel which is commensurate with the cost.

Our wheat goes to Liverpool and is sold at a price fixed by the price of India wheat. Here comes in the injustice and discrimination of the McKinley law. Could our farmers who are compelled to compete with India wheat, take the money realized from the sale of their wheat, buy therewith such goods as they need and bring them home without having to pay a duty ranging from 25 to 175 per cent, they could better afford to compete with "India wheat at 70 cents per bushel." But, instead of being allowed to do that they are compelled to sell at Liverpool prices and to buy at Liverpool prices plus the amount of tax on imports added by the tariff. Neither Middletown, the Board of Trade nor the Improvement Company ask for a tariff. What we want is equal justice to all, favors to none. We need no display of Government favoritism. We simply ask to be allowed to sell where we can sell to the greatest advantage and to buy on the same plan.

Trustees of the Poor.

The Trustees of the Poor held the Annual meeting at Farnhurst yesterday. Delaware Clark was elected President and H. C. Conrad, Esq., Solicitor. Bids for supplies were opened and contracts awarded as follows:

Gasoline—Atlantic Refining Co. Bred—A. C. Iorser.

Salt beef—Hart & Bro. Coal—Charles Warner Co.

Tobacco—J. H. Harkins. Shoes—M. Monaghan.

Dry Goods—S. M. Reynolds & Co. Mutton—Patrick Monaghan.

Beef—Well & Co.

At the afternoon meeting the new board assembled and organized as follows:

President—Delaware Clark. Secretary—John W. Dennison.

The new board proceeded to elect the caucus nominees as follows:

Superintendent—George Groves. Matron—Mary Groves.

Attorney—H. C. Conrad. Coroner's physician—Dr. C. E. Baird.

Alms-house physician—Dr. A. B. Harris.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SOUTHERN SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of teething send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's SOUTHERN SYRUP" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's SOUTHERN SYRUP" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SOUTHERN SYRUP." m-51-y.

The Wilson-Dilworth Suit.

Attorney-General Nicholson framed an indictment against J. H. Dilworth, editor of the Delaware City News, and submitted it to the grand jury at Dover, Tuesday afternoon. It charges Dilworth with criminal libel in calling the Rev. J. A. B. Wilson a "liar," a "murderer" and a "wire-puller." A true bill was found against Dilworth and his case postponed until the next term of court. He was held on his own recognizance. It is generally thought that this ends the case and that no prosecution will follow. Dr. Wilson's friends do not want him to prosecute.

Death of Richard Townsend.

He was a son of the late Mr. Samuel Townsend, a Delaware politician of no mean celebrity. He did not inherit his father's instincts in this line, but, influenced by the instructions and prayers of a Christian mother, consecrated his life to a loyal service of the Great King, Richard Townsend, formerly resided at Townsend, but some years ago, sold his property there and removed to Kingston, Md., where he ended his earthly journey on the 11th inst, at the age of 63 years.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

DR. J. H. HILL OF MILLINGTON, MD., BRUTALLY MURDERED. THREE ARRESTS MADE.

At an early hour Sunday morning Dr. J. H. Hill a prominent young physician of Millington, Md., was found in his light wagon in front of his home, in an unconscious condition, with his throat cut and face badly disfigured. His wife was the unfortunate one to make the discovery and help was quickly summoned. He had been called out at 10.30 o'clock the previous evening to attend a patient near home at 12 his wife became apprehensive lest something had befallen him. When she heard his team come up to the house at 1 o'clock she ran outside to meet him and was horror-stricken to find his almost lifeless body in the wagon.

The sad news spread rapidly and the excitement was intense. The fact that one of the best-known and most popular men in the county had been found almost dead and the strong suspicion that he had been murdered in the night by parties unknown was enough to cause excitement. No services were held in the churches all day and numerous people visited the place.

The report that Dr. Hill's death was the result of an attack of apoplexy and that his wounds were caused by falling in the wagon gained credence during the day, but the circumstances surrounding the case point very strongly toward the theory of murder.

The circumstances attending the murder of the young physician are most dramatic and it is doubtful if a more brutal crime was ever committed in this county. The doctor kept a small drug store on the principal street of the village and lived with his young wife and 9 months' old child in a small frame house nearly opposite his place of business.

On Saturday evening he was in high spirits. He had indirectly prevailed in a lawsuit in which he was substantially interested and his wife, who had been ill and her life despaired of, had recovered. Life looked bright to him. He had a prosperous practice and an encouraging future before him. No premonition of his awful end so near at hand seemed to cloud his mind.

About 10 o'clock Saturday evening, Dr. Hill was called upon at his little apothecary store by a messenger from James Shaw, who lives about two miles on the road toward Massey's Station, on a lane called Price's, whose child was ill. The doctor went to his barn and harnessed his horse into a light two-wheeled road cart which he always used in answering sick calls. Bidding his wife good-bye he jumped into the cart and started off. This was the last seen of him till he was found by his wife at 4 o'clock Sunday morning in a dying condition in his cart in the stableyard in the rear of his house. He remained in an unconscious condition until 3.25 o'clock in the afternoon, when he died. His eyes remained closed all this time and he merely groaned once or twice before he died.

On Monday afternoon Squire Johnson and R. K. Pippin, of Chestertown, the Coroner of the county, began the inquest. The jurors were: C. P. Loper, foreman; Henry Cook, Enoch Moffett, B. P. Morgan, William Comegys, W. H. Ford, James A. Edwards, William Russell, W. O. Dugan, C. L. Gill, James C. Moore, Ames Kelley, W. T. Collins, B. F. Vanzant, John McWhorter, and Fred Usilton. Several witnesses were examined. It seems that on the road near where Dr. Hill was supposed to have been attacked, at a place called Ford's Hill, the colored people were having an oyster supper Saturday night. This house was visited by a number of colored men and there was considerable drinking going on. Stephen Cooper and his wife were asked to explain the oyster party and told stories which were not satisfactory to the officials.

A man named Brooks was found to have one of Dr. Hill's cuff buttons in his vest pocket. He claimed he found it in the road; his story was credited. The result of this inquiry which was adjourned until to-day was the arrest of Fletcher Williams, Frisbie Comegys, a boy named Philip Mander. These are all colored. The boy is held as a witness and the two men on suspicion. They are held in Chestertown jail in custody of High Sheriff Plummer and his brother, Deputy Sheriff Plummer. They refused to talk. It is believed that the two men were at the oyster party at Cooper's house. The wound in Dr. Hill's throat was undoubtedly made with an oyster knife.

The evidence of the physicians who made the autopsy was to the effect that death resulted from concussion of the brain. Drs. A. R. Todd of Millington, J. W. Latimer of Galena, and J. H. Jacobs of Kennedysville, made the post-mortem examination.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of the murdered physician took place Monday afternoon. It was attended by a large number of friends and relatives of the deceased. The funeral services were conducted by Revs. E. E. White, R. K. Stephenson, E. H. Nelson and Addison Weller.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 25, 1892.

Swiss. Black Twilled Silks that you should study. Two men, our Silk man and the Swiss manufacturer, did some thinking, then some talking, and now we have the logical result in the new fabric just from the looms.

It has a Surah effect, but is woven with a double tic so that great strength is combined with lightness and lustre. What shall we call them? Wanamaker's Tied Twill Silks? Don't mind the name. 2 1/2 in., 75c; 22 in., \$1 to

Wanamaker's.

\$1.50. Admirable for Summer.

A Henrietta surprise this time—Black Henriettas, All-wool, and 45 in.

Weight, quality and lustre every whit as good as we've had. \$1 a yard for—thousands of pieces. The price is 75c.

Across the aisle, one from hundreds—All-silk and Wool Mexican mesh Black Grenadine at 65c imported to sell at 41c.

Clap a glass on this Printed Scotch Crape. See why it's crinkly? Some threads loose where others draw. But notice the threads; plump, round, even. Honest work in every twirl that changed that cotton into cord.

Such a Crape will stand banging wear and hold its beauty. Maybe a dozen designs; as many more colorings. Price? Fifteen cents. But the makers never meant it. Imported to sell at 35c.

Crapiet still, a trifle lighter, American, and also 15c. Thirteen plain colors, counting daintiest pinks, blues, heliotropes, reds and tans. Many a bewitching evening dress comes from those pretty pieces.

We've passed Sateens, silky Sateens, too long. While all the world of printed Dress Stuffs—Challis, Organdies, Mousselines, Jaconets, Brandenburs—has been getting ahead as never before, Sateens have been keeping close step with the leaders.

After the delightful softness and finish the glory of Sateen is in the color work. French art takes a high flight there. Such mosses and chrysanthemums and pinks! Daisies, real enough to worry a thrifty farmer. Dark grounds or light and all aglow with tints that tell of master-work in picturing. 35c. a yard.

Pekin Stripes—Bateens with satin stripes and blossom bits. Modest but masterly. New shades of tan, blue-gray, reds, lavender, Nile, ashes of rose, gray. Chintz colorings coming. 37c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies.

catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums and bits of lilac on the gauzy film of cobwebby cotton. 47 1/2c.

French Organdies catch fresh brightness with every dawn. Two of the last comers show a dreamy scattering of chrysanthemums

